



WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?

20¢
NO.2
JAN.
30684

THE

THE SHADOW

Shadow



WHO IS... *The*
FREAK SHOW
KILLER?
The Shadow KNOWS!



"FREAK SHOW MURDERS"

AGAINST THE GAUDY BACKGROUND OF THE CARNIVAL, THE HARLEQUIN PLAYS HIS GRIM GAME OF DEATH! WHO IS THE MURDER FIEND IN THE GAY GARB...?

BENZARE... A KNIFE-THROWER WITH A NASTY TEMPER!

SPIDORA... BODY OF AN INSECT, HEAD OF A LOVELY WOMAN!

NICCO... ARE CIGARETTES HIS ONLY VICE?

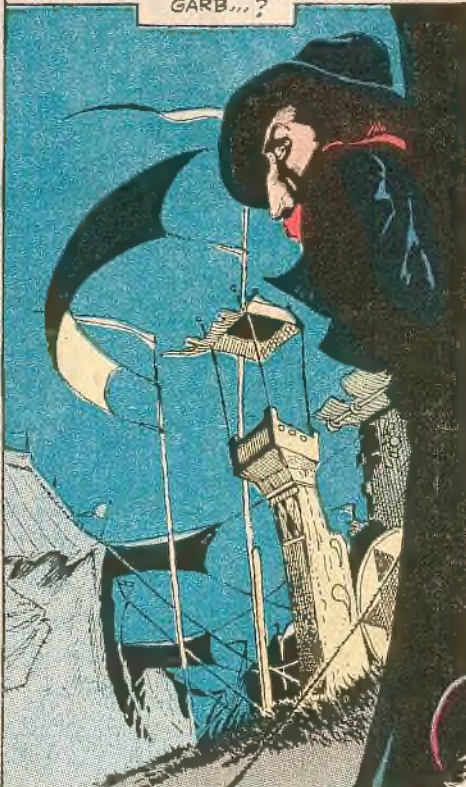
DAMON and PYTHIAS... THE INSEPARABLE TWINS!

ALHAMBRA... SNAKES ARE HER ONLY FRIENDS!

PANCHINI... DOES THE HARLEQUIN'S COSTUME HIDE HIS TATOOS?

AJAX... IS HE AS MAD AS HE SEEMS?

POP SORBER... A BOSS WITH A NEED FOR MONEY!



ONLY A MOCKING, DISTANT LAUGH SEEMS TO KNOW THE KILLER'S IDENTITY!

THE **Shadow**

FROM THE SHADOW'S PRIVATE FILES AS TOLD TO--

PENNY O'NEIL--WRITER *NEW* KALUTA--ARTIST

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A REMOTE MANSION SOMEWHERE
IN SOUTH CAROLINA...AND A SLEEK
ROADSTER SPEEDING THROUGH
THE DUSK...



FROM THE CAR STEPS
A YOUNG, ATHLETIC-
LOOKING MAN, AND...

I'M STEVE KILROY!
MISTER TREFT IS
EXPECTING ME!



THIS
WAY,
SIR!

THEN...

MISTER MILTON TREFT?
I HAVE A CHECK FOR ONE
MILLION DOLLARS!
IT'S YOURS, PROVIDED THE
PRODUCT IS ALL YOU
CLAIM!



SEE FOR YOURSELF!
THAT STATUE IS PURE
ALUMITE! GO ON...
LIFT IT!

...AMAZING!--A LIFE-SIZED
SCULPTURE WEIGHING ONLY
OUNCES!



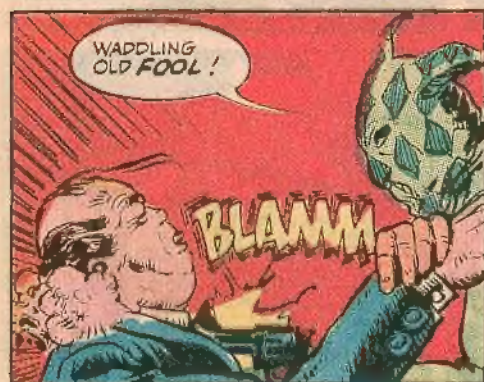
AND
WITH
THE TENSILE
STRENGTH
OF STEEL!

THE FORMULA FOR
THIS IS WORTH
THE MILLION!

THERE IS NO FORMULA!
KILROY! THE MAN WHO
INVENTED ALUMITE
DIED BEFORE WRITING
ANYTHING DOWN!

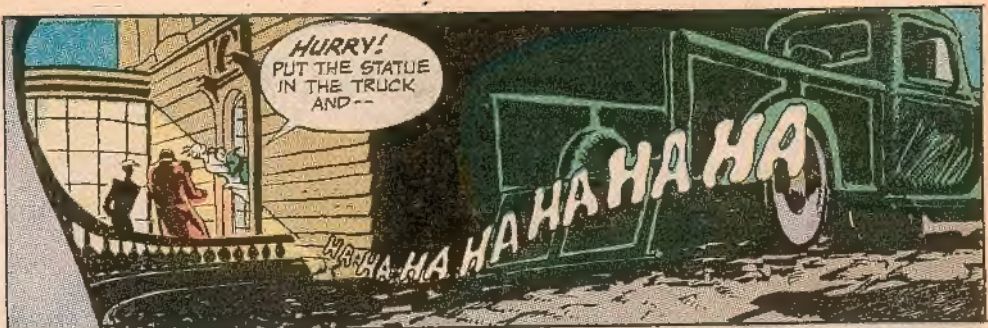


THERE IS JUST
THE STATUE YOU
HOLD! BUT I'M
SURE YOUR COMPANY'S
CHEMISTS WILL BE
ABLE TO DEDUCE
THE SECRET!



SO INTENT IS STEVE KILROY ON FLIGHT, HE DOES NOT NOTICE A GRIM-VISAGED FORM EMERGE FROM THE BLACKNESS...





HIS WORK **DONE**, THE STRANGE,
DEADLY FORM SELTS INTO THE
NIGHT...



...AND SOON, IN A ROADSIDE DINER, A SPLENDIDLY CLAD
MAN DIALS A NUMBER LISTED IN **NO DIRECTORY**! IN A
LOW VOICE, HE SPEAKS...



BURBANK! I ARRIVED
TOO LATE! I CAUGHT
THE **SMALL FRY**--

--BUT IN THE BATTLE,
THE **BIG FISH** GOT
AWAY WITH HIS PRIZE!
TELL MARGO TO JOIN
THE **SORGER CARNIVAL**
IN **TITUSVILLE**!



CONSIDER
IT **DONE**,
CHIEF!

SO, THE FOLLOWING EVENING, **MARGO LANE** FINDS
HERSELF ON A GARISH **MIDWAY** NEAR A SMALL
SOUTHERN TOWN...



HE SAYS
YOU'RE
TO--



I HEARD!
I'M TO HOOK
UP WITH A
CARNIVAL,
EH? I
WONDER
WHY?

WELL, ONE THING'S
CERTAIN-- HE HAS
A GOOD **REASON**!
HE ALWAYS **DOES**!

QUICKLY, SHE LOCATES THE OWNER
AND, DISGUIISING HER REFINED
SPEECH, CALLS COARSELY--

YOU **POP**
SORBER?
I'M LOOKIN'
FOR A **JOB**!

YER IN **LUCK**,
MISSY! I NEED A
LADY **FREAK**!

AW--DON'T **WORRY**!
I AIN'T GONNA AST
YA TO CUT OFF
YER EARS OR
NOTHIN'--

--ALL YA GOTTA
DO IS STICK YOUR
HEAD THROUGH A
HOLE IN THE BACK
OF A **BOOTH**--

--AND PRETEND
TO BE **SPIDORA**,
THE **HUMAN**
SPIDER!

SOUNDS **REAL**
EASY! YOU
GOT A **DEAL**,
POP!

C'MON, I'LL
INTRODUCE YA
AROUND!

HERE'S OUR
TATOOED
MAN--
PANCHINI!

THIS WALKING
ART GALLERY
IS PLEASED TO
MEET YOU!

NOW, MEET **ALHAMBRA**, **QUEEN OF THE**
SNAKES... AND BEHIND HER, **BENZARE**,
THE **KNIFE THROWER**.

WE MUST GET
TOGETHER FOR
SOME **GIRL**
TALK, DEARIE!

I, TOO,
WISH TO GET
TOGETHER WITH
THE **BEAUTEUSE**
WOMAN--

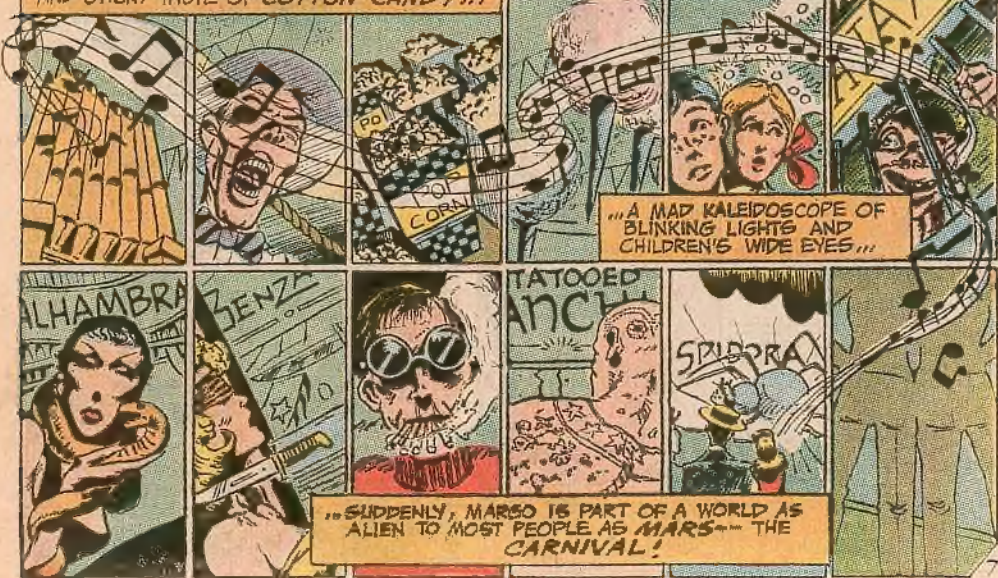
--FOR MORE
INTIMATE
PURPOSES!

I AWAIT
YOUR
PLEASURE!

SWELL...
LONG AS
YOU'RE NOT
HOLDING
YOUR
BREATH!



SHRILL CALLIOPE MUSIC... THE HARSH URGING OF BARKERS... THE SMELL OF POPCORN
AND STICKY TASTE OF COTTON CANDY...



AND, AFTER THE FINAL PERFORMANCE OF THE EVENING...

I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SO HARD TO SIT AND LET PEOPLE STARE AT ME!

SOMEONE'S MOVING OUTSIDE THE TENT--

--AND IT'S THE VERY MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!

YOU!

AJAX ISN'T YOUR REAL NAME--!

YOU'VE BEEN SENT TO GET ME-- YOU WON'T!

MY, MY! AREN'T WE FIERCE!

AS A WILD MAN, YOU'RE A BUST--

--BUT AS A JUDO PARTNER--

--YOU'RE PERFECT! YOU FALL SO NICELY!

OWWWW!

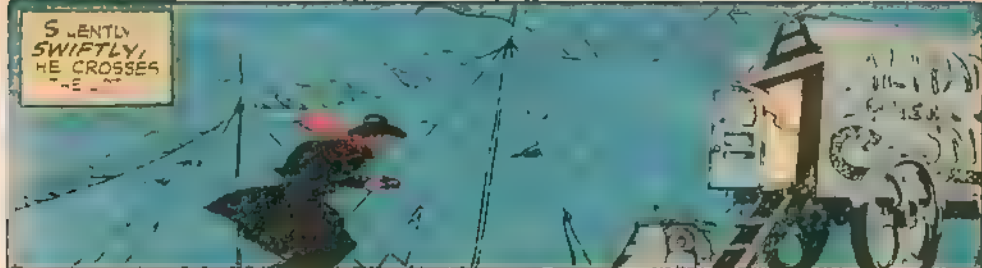
YOU'RE REALLY STEVE KILROY, AREN'T YOU?

AND YOU'RE A POLICEWOMAN? I'LL GO QUIETLY... BUT I DIDN'T KILL TREFT!

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING



SILENTLY
SWIFTLY,
HE CROSSES



ONLY TO ARRIVE AT THE SNAKE
WOMAN'S WAGON TOO LATE!



WHO
DID THIS
WHO?



SAN HIM IN
CLOWN SUIT
TOOK OFF HIS
MASK AND
WAS--
ANHHHHH!

WITH A SOFT SIGH THE SNAKE WOMAN DIES..

SHE WAS MURDERED
BECAUSE SHE ACCIDENTALLY
LEARNED THE HARLEQUIN'S
IDENTITY!

THE POOR
THING--

...ER--PARDON ME!
I SAW HIM HEADING
TOWARD THE PLACE
WHERE THEY PARKED THE
BIG STUFFED
WHALE!



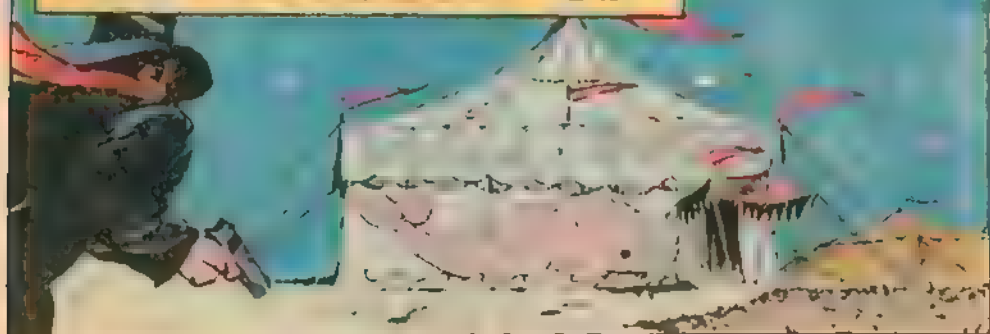
I CAN
CALL THE
SHERIFF
ANY

WHERE DO
HE GO?

TO
CATCH A
FIEND



YES SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY HE MOVES TO CATCH A FIEND--



FLAME SPITS FROM THE
DIRECTION OF THE
GIGANTIC BEAST--!



PUZZLED, THE PIEBALD
CRIMINAL STEPS FORWARD
AND PEERS AROUND--

--AND IS FROZEN BY AN
COMMAND!

DROP YOUR
WEAPON-- OR BE
SERVED AS YOU
SERVED ALHAMBRA!

AND REMOVE
YOUR MASK!



BOY O BOY, YOU
ARE *SOMETHING*.
SHADOW! YOU
CAUGHT THE
RAT! I'LL ADMIT.

"I'D NEVER
HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO--



THEN--

--OOOPS!

--THE HAPLESS STEVE K...
FOOT CATCHES ON A TENT ROPE--



--BRINGING A CANVAS SHROUD DOWN ON THE WHALE
AND THE **SHADOW**!



--E
SCRAMMED!

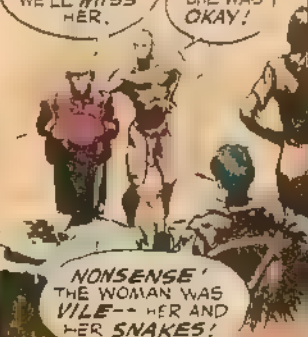
HELLO?
SORRY!



MEANWHILE
IN ALABAMA
QUARTERS

SHE WAS A
GOOD
ATTRACTION!
WE'LL MISS
HER.

YEAH,
SHE WAS
OKAY!



NONSENSE!
THE WOMAN WAS
VILE-- HER AND
HER **SNAKES!**

HOWEVER, I REALIZE THIS
BUSINESS MUST HAVE UPSET
YOU, MY LOVE! I'LL ESCORT
YOU TO SOMEPLACE...**PRIVATE!**

A GLASS
OF FINE
SOFT MUSIC--



WOULD YOU
BE SO
LET GO?

OOOO--WF!



--THANKS!



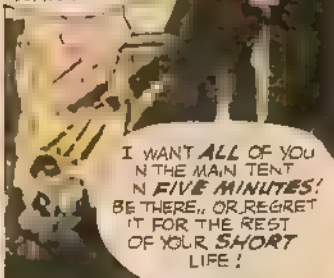
GRIPPING WITH FURY, HE PULLS
JACK'S KNIFE OUT OF
HIS JACKET...



...AND THEN HE PULLS THE TRIGGER
AND A BULLET--!



...I'LL AIM
DIFFERENTLY!
--YOU'RE
WARNED!



I WANT ALL OF YOU
IN THE MAIN TENT
IN FIVE MINUTES!
BE THERE, OR REGRET
IT FOR THE REST
OF YOUR SHORT
LIFE!

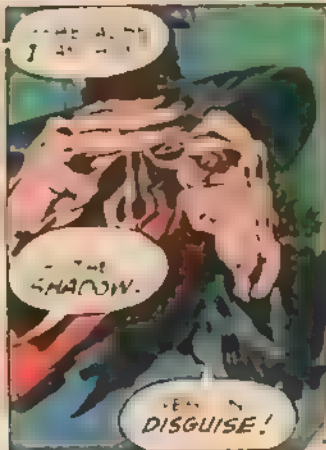


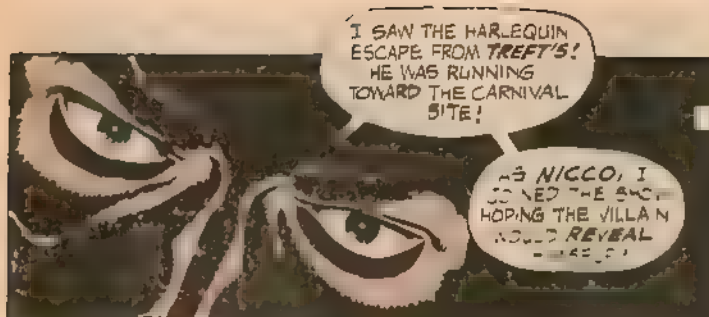
HE'S GONE
--IS HE?

...TALAS...
...LISTEN...



--I HOPE HE MAKES
IT QUICK! THE TRAIN
THAT WILL CARRY US TO
OUR NEXT STOP IS
WAITING!





I SAW THE HARLEQUIN
ESCAPE FROM TREFT'S!
HE WAS RUNNING
TOWARD THE CARNIVAL
SITE!

AS NICCO, I
JOINED THE SQUAD
HOPING THE VILLAIN
WOULD REVEAL
HIMSELF!



WELL DID HE!

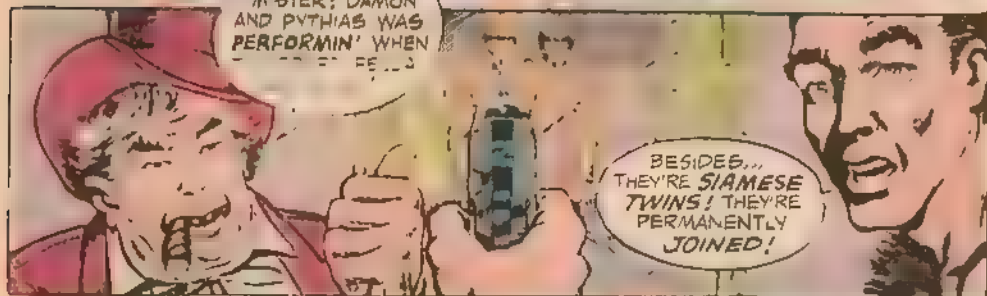
DO YOU KNOW
WHO HE IS?



HIM!

DO THE
HARLEQUIN
S!

YA GOOFED,
MASTER! DAMON
AND PYTHIAS WAS
PERFORMIN' WHEN
HE ESCAPED!



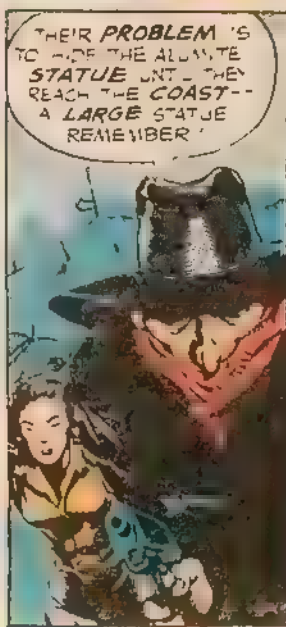
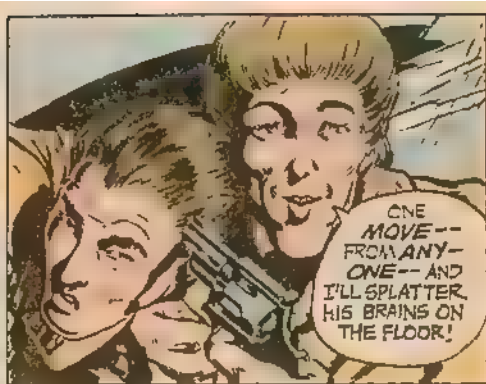
BESIDES...
THEY'RE SIAMESE
TWINS! THEY'RE
PERMANENTLY
JOINED!



THEY ARE
BUT THEY ARE NOT
JOINED! WHAT?

BLAM!

A MIRROR!



NEAR THE RAILROAD TRACKS,
THE SHADOW PAUSES, SCANS...
AND SEES THE WHALE LOADED
ON A CAR BEHIND THE HUFFING
LOCOMOTIVE--



--ANOTHER IS ALREADY
AT THE MAMMOTH STUFFED
SEA-CREATURE!



A LAUGH JOLTS HIM LIKE
AN ELECTRICAL SHOCK--



YOU'VE REACHED YOUR
END, HARLEQUIN!

NO HE
HASN'T
MEDDLER--



--YOU
HAVE!

HE'S BETWEEN US,
BROTHER! COUNT THREE
--AND WE'LL BOTH FIRE
AT ONCE!

ONE...
TWO--
THREE!





IDENTICAL
REVOLVERS
BARK--

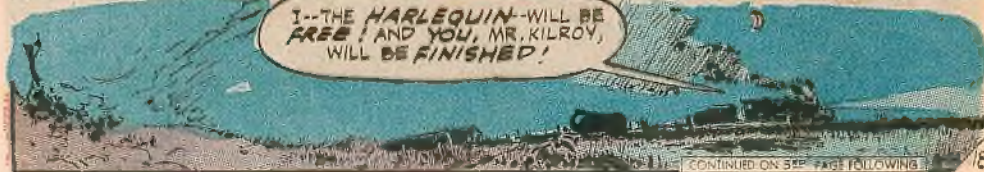


PANTING, THE FIEBALD KILLER
RUNS TO THE LOCOMOTIVE--

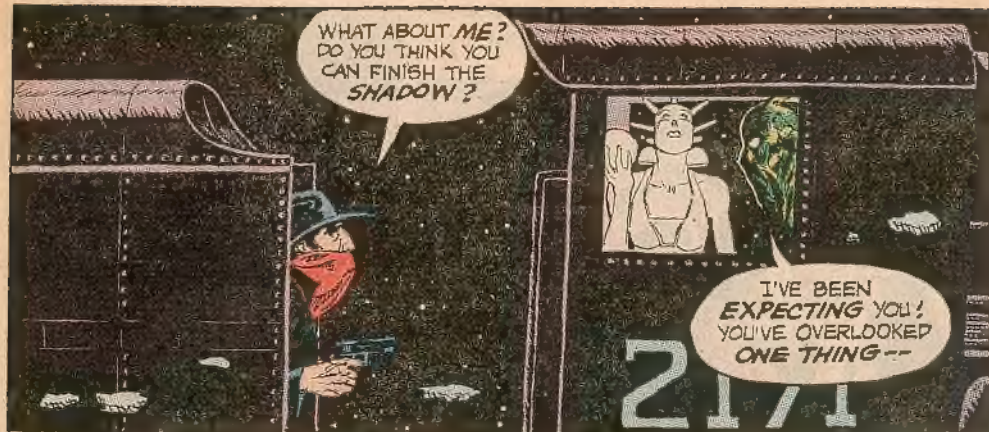


--YANKS A LEVER, SETTING THE TRAIN IN MOTION! TO
A BOUND, HELPLESS STEVE HE GRATES--

WE'RE ON OUR
WAY! IN TWENTY
MILES, WE'LL REACH
A SEAPORT--
WHERE A SHIP
IS WAITING FOR
ME... AND THE
STATUE!



CONTINUED ON 35P. PAGE FOLLOWING



WHAT ABOUT *ME*?
DO YOU THINK YOU
CAN FINISH THE
SHADOW?

I'VE BEEN
EXPECTING YOU!
YOU'VE OVERLOOKED
ONE THING--



--I'VE GOT THE
FOOL... AND MY
PISTOL-- WHICH
HAS A *HAIR*
TRIGGER. SHOOT
ME AND I'LL
SPASM--

-- SENDING A
SLUG INTO HIS
WORTHLESS *BELLY*!

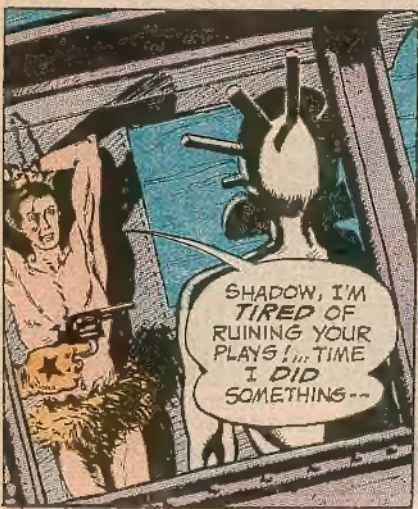


DROP YOUR
AUTOMATICS--

NOW!



CLANK-ANK



SHADOW, I'M
TIRED OF
RUINING YOUR
PLAYS!... TIME
I *DID*
SOMETHING--



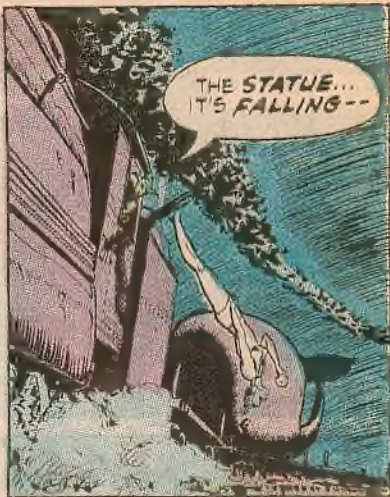
BLAM

--RIGHT!



WITH *INHUMAN* SPEED,
THE *SHADOW* *SPRINGS*--!

WIND TEARING AT THEM, THESE TWO CLOSE IN
A FINAL, FIERCE STRUGGLE...



DESPERATELY, THE HARLEQUIN
LURCHES. HIS MOMENTUM
CARRYING HIM OUT OF THE
RACING CAB --



--TO HIS DOOM!



HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA



THE SHADOW
NEVER FAILS!

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE THIRD WEEK IN NOVEMBER

END